

# THE WEEKLY ARIZONA MINER.

VOLUME VI.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1896.

NUMBER 19.

## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
AT  
PRESCOTT, YAVAPAI COUNTY, ARIZONA.

### SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, One Year, \$7.00  
" " Six Months, 4.00  
" " Three Months, 2.50  
Single Copies, 25

Papers will not be sent unless paid for in advance, and will be discontinued at the end of the time paid for.

### ADVERTISING:

One square, one time, \$3.00; each additional time, \$1.50. Each additional square, same rate. A liberal discount will be made to persons containing the same advertisement for three, six, or twelve months.

Professional or business cards inserted upon reasonable terms.

### Job Printing.

THE MINER office is well supplied with Presses, Plain, Fancy and Ornamental Type, and the proprietor is determined to execute all work with which he may be favored in the neatest and best style of the art.

Work may be ordered from any part of the Territory, and when accompanied with the cash, it will be promptly executed and sent by mail, or as directed.

Persons sending us money for subscription, advertising or job work, may forward it by mail, or otherwise, at their own risk.

Legal Tender Notes taken at par in payment for subscription, advertising and job work.

J. H. MARION,  
Editor and Proprietor.

### Directory of Yavapai County.

District Judge, WM. F. TURNER.  
Probate Judge, HENRIK BROOKS.  
District Attorney, JOHN M. ROUNTREE.  
County Treasurer, JOHN H. MOORE.  
County Recorder, A. J. MOORE.  
County Clerk, WILLIAM COBURN.  
Clerk of District Court, E. W. WELLS, JR.

### TERMS OF COURTS:

District Court—First Monday of April and first Monday of October in each year.  
Probate Court—First Mondays in January, April, July and October.

### BOARD OF SUPERVISORS:

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Board meets on the first Monday in January, April, July and October, at Prescott.

### United States Mails.

Schedule time of arrival from San Bernardino: Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1 o'clock P. M.  
S. N. BARNARD, Postmaster.  
Prescott, February 6, 1896.

### Business & Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Prescott, Arizona.

**J. P. HARGRAVE,**  
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Montezuma street, Prescott, Arizona.

**JOHN HOWARD,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
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Offers his services to the people of Prescott and vicinity. Can be found at all hours, except when professionally engaged at his office, in Allen & White's store, Montezuma street, Prescott.

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Will attend, at all times, to the drawing of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, etc.  
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Apply to A. G. DUNK, Prescott.

Blank Mining and Quitclaim Deeds,  
Special and General Powers of Attorney,  
etc., for sale at the Miner Office.

**Office of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company.**

PORT YUMA, Cal., April 23, 1896.  
NOTICE—I have this day appointed Edw. D. Tuttle as agent for Geo. A. Johnson & Co. at Port Yuma.  
ISAAC POLHAMUS, JR.,  
General Superintendent.

### La Paz and San Bernardino.

The stages of the undersigned, carrying the U. S. Overland Mail, leave San Bernardino, California, every Wednesday morning, arriving at La Paz every Saturday morning and stop every Saturday evening.  
Stages, packages, etc., transported at low rates.  
JOSEPH MARKS, San Bernardino; GRAY & CO., La Paz.  
WATERS & NOBLE, Proprietors.  
La Paz, March 23, 1896.

### Letter from White Pine.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF ARIZONA MINER.)

SHERMANTOWN, NEVADA, April 28, 1896.

EDITOR MINER:—I arrived here five days ago, safe and sound. Since my arrival, I have visited Treasure Hill, Chloride Flat, Treasure City, and some of the noted mines of this district, but did not go down in the shaft of the famous Eberhart mine, but am informed by an old St. Louis friend and relative, Mr. V. Frank Valli, that the Eberhart Company are now down on their mine about one hundred and ninety feet, and find as good ore as has been found anywhere in the mine. There are several mines on Chloride Flat that are turning out three and four thousand dollar ore.

The formation here is very singular, being mostly lime stone. The noted California mine produces chloride in lime stone entirely, paying from three to four thousand dollars per ton. This country beats all the old experienced miners, as well as science, and they have come to the conclusion that silver is wherever you find it. I am told, by friends here, that these mines have good walls, but so far as my observations have been and what mines I have been down into, I found good foot walls, but saw no hanging walls. The climate here is dreadful; it has been snowing every other day since I have been here and I find that a great many are suffering from lung disease. I have also heard of several cases of small-pox, at Hamilton, the largest city in this district. I find provisions here cheaper than in Prescott. On last Sunday I visited Treasure City; it is a fast place, situated upon the top of Treasure Hill, and containing about five thousand people. They are supplied with water at 25 cts. per bucket, and wood at \$2.50 per mule load. The streets are narrow and muddy, and so crowded with people that it was almost impossible for me to get along. Auction and fruit stands are in abundance; every other house is a saloon, and all seem to be doing a flourishing business. In this place there are two mills running—one eight, and the other ten stamp, and I am told by old friends here that the mills have been turning out about \$7,000 per day on an average, to the mill, both belong to the Eberhart Company, and are run on Eberhart ore.

A few days ago, I saw our old friend, Col. Tyson. He told me that he could not form any opinion of this country but he said that there were several very rich mines here, he also informed me that he heard a great many people speaking of going to Arizona, several parties have left here for Arizona, and I think there will be a very heavy emigration from here to your Territory, this fall. I have been doing all I could for Arizona since I have been here and will continue to do so. I think I will go back this fall, as I do not intend to winter here. I have not as yet been doing anything but will start out prospecting in a day or two, and hope to strike an Eberhart. Business of all kinds will be overdone here this summer and goods will be very cheap.

I would advise old Arizonians to remain at home as I think Arizona will soon come out. This country is now and will be over run with people. This is no farming country and it is very poorly timbered. Lumber is still \$200 per thousand; hay, 70 cts. per pound; grain, 35 cts. per pound; wood, from \$10 to \$25 per cord.

**SEVERE ON GRANT.**—According to the *Figaro*, of San Francisco, the disappointed California office-seekers at very bitter in their denunciations of the President, for not giving them all good fat offices. Here is the way one of them raves in a private letter to a friend in San Francisco:

"Let me tell you that the President, on every side, is losing friends. Dana, of the *Sax*, is his bitter enemy, and Greeley curses him at every station and railroad depot. The *Evening Post* praises Democratic rule, and the *Commercial Advertiser* regrets the early demise of a new paper, called the *Superior*, designed to prove by argument the superiority of the monarchical over the republican form of government. The *World* is unmerciful in dealing with the President.

**ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.**—A correspondent of the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel*, writing under date of the 5th inst., says: "In response to a very kind invitation, such as could come from none other than as warm and hospitable a heart as Hon. A. H. Stephens is known to possess, on the 2d inst., I made a brief but pleasant visit to Liberty Hall. I found Mr. Stephens still unable to stand or walk, and only able to move from the fire-place to the bed, from chair to chair, without any assistance, except some one to arrange them. For several months previous to the accident which prostrated him, he was so weak as scarcely to be able to raise himself when down. He now thinks there is not sufficient vitality in the organ to recuperate, and has little hope of ever being able to walk again. The burden of his anxiety is the completion of the second volume of his history of the war between the States. The material for the work is all ready, and nothing lacking but the physical strength to put it together. I learn that 57,000 copies of this work have already been sold through the agents of the publishers. Mr. Stephens deprecates the demoralization which prevails, and thinks all good people should unite in suppressing the mobocracy and insubordination which threaten the usurpation of civil government, and the ruin of the country."

**HENRY WARD BEECHER** has come out in favor of free trade. Free trade and free gospel ought to go together.

A lot of freight cars now being built in Illinois bear the legend, "From Ocean to Ocean—no transfer."

(From the Grass Valley (California) National.)

### Gold Saving.

It is well known that the ordinary mill process does not and cannot save all the gold in the ore. Probably on an average not to exceed 90 per cent is saved. Various contrivances have from time to time been devised to secure the fine particles that go to waste. We visited yesterday the works of James T. McDougall, Esq., who has patented an invention for securing these infinitesimal atoms of gold. The invention has been in practical use for several months, extracting the precious metal from the waste water of the Eureka and Idaho mines, and its utility has been positively demonstrated. The contrivance consists of six troughs, each 12 feet by 24, inclined at a slight angle. The bottom of the troughs or sluice-boxes are covered with copper plates, amalgamated and thickly studded with square iron pegs, about four inches in height and half an inch square. Over these pegs are placed closely fitting copper caps, their outer surface being amalgamated, in such a manner that a corner is presented to the stream. In other words, the diagonal of the pegs and caps is parallel with the sides of the sluice-box. The waste water from the Eureka and Idaho, from which they have previously extracted all the gold that they possibly could with their baskets, copper plates, rubbers, pans, riddles, buddies, etc., is brought to Mr. McDougall's works and turned through the troughs we have described. Striking against the pegs, of which the six troughs contain 5,000, the water boils, and surges, and eddies about, so that every atom comes in contact with the amalgamated surfaces. The precipitation of the gold is greatly increased by the electrical action induced by the difference in latent heat between the different metals, copper, iron and quicksilver. Amalgam forms rapidly, and two men are kept constantly employed in cleaning the copper caps and plates. Owing to the almost microscopic fineness of the gold particles thus saved, the amalgam obtained does not contain as much gold to the ounce as that ordinarily obtained at the quartz mills. This is, of course, to be expected. Mr. McDougall can tell almost instantly what grade of ore is being found at the mine above him. When they are running what they call poor rock, his contrivance saves the most gold; when they are crushing rich rock, he does not do so well. The explanation is that their rock which they call poor may contain as much gold as the rich rock, but it exists in such very fine particles that their mill process cannot arrest it. It is these fine particles that he saves. In their rich rock, their gold being coarser, they save a greater proportion of it. Mr. McDougall informed us as a fact what was new to us before, that the principal gold bearing rocks of California are not quartz, but talcose slate. He has tried the experiment and proved it to his own satisfaction.

The invention which we have described is one of the importance of which cannot be over estimated. By its use, rock can be worked at a profit, which otherwise would be worthless. It will assist immensely in the development of the country, give employment to thousands, and reconvert deserted mining camps and decayed mining counties to their former activity and prosperity.

### All Things in Motion.

In imagining the ultimate composition of a solid body, we have to reconcile two apparently contradictory conditions. It is an assemblage of atoms which do not touch each other,—for we are obliged to admit intermolecular spaces,—and yet these atoms are held together in clusters by so strong a force of cohesion as to give the whole the qualities of a solid. This would be the case with a solid undergoing no change of size or internal constitution. But solids do change, under pressure, impact, heat and cold. Their external atoms are, consequently, not at rest. Mr. Grove tells us, "Of absolute rest, nature gives us no evidence. All matter, as far as we can ascertain, is ever in movement, not merely in masses, as with the planetary spheres, but also molecularly, or throughout its most intimate structure. Thus, every alternation of temperature produces a molecular change throughout the whole substance heated or cooled. Slow chemical or electrical actions, actions of light or invisible radiant forces, are always at play; so that, as a fact, we cannot predicate of any portion of matter, that it is absolutely at rest."

The atoms, therefore, of which solid bodies consist, are supposed to vibrate, to oscillate, or better, to revolve like the planets, in more or less eccentric orbits. Suppose a solid body to be represented by a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunshine. Each gnat or atom dances up and down at a certain distance from each other gnat, within a given limited space. The path of the dance is not a mere straight line, but a vertical oval—a true orbit. Suppose, then, that in consequence of greater sun heat, the gnats become more active, and extend each its respective sweep of flight. The swarm, or solid body, as a whole, expands. If, from a chill or the shadow of a cloud, the insect's individual range is less extensive, the crowd of gnats is necessarily denser, and the swarm, in its integrity, contracts.

Trydall takes for his illustration a ballet revoluting at the end of a spiral spring. He had spoken of the vibration of the molecules of a solid as causing its expansion, but he remarks that, by some, the molecules have been thought to revolve round each other; the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, was supposed to push them more widely asunder. So he twists the weight at the end of the spring, in the open air. It tends to fly away; the spring stretches to a certain extent, and as the speed of revolution is augmented, the spring stretches still more, the distance between the hand and the weight being thus increased. The spring rudely figures the force of cohesion, while the ball represents an atom under the influence of heat.

The intellect, he truly says, knows no difference between great and small. It is just as easy, as an intellectual act, to picture a vibrating or revolving atom, as to picture a vibrating or revolving cannon ball. These motions, however, are executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are so small to be visible. Here the imagination must help us. In the case of solid bodies, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; the greater amount of heat we impart to the body, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of atomic oscillation.—*All the Year Round*.

TRAVIS wrote to the *Detroit Tribune*: "Abuse me all you want to, but for God's sake don't forget me."

(From the New York Dispatch.)

### A Variety of Subjects.

Dear Boss: We have just been reading the report of an affair, which is stated to have come off somewhere, at sometime, and in some locality, all unknown, or at least the particulars are not given, under the direction of some person likewise unknown. If you know when this thing occurred, (if ever it did occur,) please illuminate us in your "Answers to Correspondents." We submit this report with some comments on the same. It appeared in several newspapers of the period, and the people seemed satisfied with the bare and unembellished statement of the reporter, and asked for no dates (or other sweetmeats) or particulars, as to the why or the wherefore of the proceeding. The reporter says:

"When Freedom from the mountain height, unfurled her banners to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!"

Here we have an implied fact that Freedom (with malice aforethought, perhaps,) "unfurled her banners to the air," on "her mountain height." But no date is given, and no "mountain height" is designated. When did this occur, and where, Mr. Boss? We have simply the *ipse dixit* of the reporter of the period in which this affair is supposed to have occurred. We are not satisfied with this alone, and want more light upon the subject. Come, light up, Boss. Give us at least "one burner"—allowed the "crypt" in the Capitol.

Did Freedom climb Chimborazo, Eliza, Hecla, Popocatepetli, or Mount Tom? If so, which of the whole? We are all abroad and in the dark respecting locality and date. Who can give these? If any, speak, or ever after hold his jaw.

It would appear that Freedom was a she—a woman, eh? or a hump—er—thing. Well, there's no difference between the two. If a woman, of course, a hump—er—thing. Who was she, anyhow, this Freedom? Who ever saw her, other than this reporter? Was she married or single? or did she come by the Camden and Amboy Railroad? Was she old or young? ugly or good-looking? Did she wear the Grecian bond? Does she still live or does she "board round"? Where's she to be found? Where does she "hang out"—her banners at present? Where is her abiding place mostly? Is she known by the company she keeps, or does she travel incognito? Is she a person of quality or does she make banners for a living? Would a "personal" in the *Herald* reach her, do you think, Boss? Something after this style: "I dreamed in red, white and blue (supposition merely,) on mountain height, after dark, unfurled a red flag, and waved it in the air—the blue sleeping gown of night—set in some stars of glory, etc. Please communicate by sending address to St. Dispatch office, as said St. is much interested in her, with a view to matrimony, immediately, or as soon thereafter as convenient." (Having broken my engagement—no, having withdrawn my offer to Tilly, I'm going for "Freedom" now, as the close of the "person" would indicate.)

The reporter tells us "her mountain height." How came it here? Was it left her by will? Did she buy it or did she "equal" on that "mountain height"? Did she have a castle in the air, and live there, continuously? Or did she visit the mountain height, only when she wished to "unfurled her banners to the air"? What did she want to climb up there for? Didn't they have a "liberty pole" in the village where she resided? She had better a plenary sight have staid at home "under the garret," and darned stockings, than to have struggled up that "mountain height," "after dark," in hang out an old rag (as like as not) of a banner. Was she the same critter that scrouched out in media at the time Squire Keweenaw tumbled down? These are only a few of the questions we wish you to answer, Mr. Boss; there are more to come.

She has considerable of a reputation this Freedom was much talked of and lauded, but rarely met with; her name is familiar, but not her presence.

It is evident from her performance that she was a strong-minded woman, and one of no little pluck and endurance, to have climbed that "mountain height." Perhaps she grew up there, though. But where did she get the banners, in that case? Did her father bring 'em up to her? If so, why didn't the brute unfurl it for her? No, she didn't grow there, she climbed. Wonder if anybody went up to the flag-raising? What was the occasion, anyhow? What for did she unfurl these banners? No reason, no wherefore is given. The reporter of that period hadn't half learned the trade. He couldn't earn his salt on any of our failures, "independent of position, impartial criticism, and several in tone." He'd make a high old reporter in these days. If Julius Janus Jenkins, of the "Home Herier," had been there, we shouldn't have had any such meager report as this. We should have known exactly how she was dressed, and the probable color of her garments; also, how her hair was arranged, but it is far from being intimately known, much talked of and lauded, but rarely met with; her name is familiar, but not her presence.

When configuration from the marble store  
Threw out its flames upon the air,  
It fiercely burned through floor and floor,  
And left a scene of ruin there.

That would be a healthy old report, wouldn't it? Well, here's a woman going climbing up a "mountain height," and on the highest peak—perhaps "was pique" that made her do it—"unfurled her banners to the air." Who she was, where she came from, who she belonged to, what sort of banners she unfurled, the wherefore she unfurled them, where the "mountain height" was located, all are left untold.

And then not satisfied with "unfurling her banners to the air," she goes to work and "tears the azure robe of night, and sets the stars of glory there," according to the reporter of that period. This is more hifalutin, but has one merit at least, it gives us to understand that she went up with her banners "after dark," between the hours of sunset and sunrise. But this "tearing-the-azure-of-night business" is all hifalutin, boss—the ideal! But allowed, what did she want to tear the "azure robe of night" for? What was the object?

But she did, according to the reporter, who goes on to say that, after ripping up the blue night-gown, she "set the stars of glory there!" Here we have a gorgeous opacity. "Set the stars of glory"—where? On the torn night robe, or on the person of and whose night gown she tore? Oh, this is too much, Boss—too much, in fact. The whole affair, as related, is highly improbable, a ridiculous absurdity from beginning to end. We don't believe that Freedom ever climbed that "mountain height," especially in the night time; don't believe she "unfurled her banners to the air," and much less do we believe—in fact, we scound the idea of her "tearing the azure robe of night," and the nonsense about setting the "stars of glory there." Boss, all boss, the whole of it. Finally, we don't believe there was ever such a person as Freedom, and that settles the hash.

You needn't answer any of the above questions, Boss, as we are convinced the whole thing originated in the brain of that reporter, said brain being disorganized from the effects of lager beer. If probed to the bottom, the facts in the case would probably be these: that reporter, his brain giddy from the fumes of lager, might have been some old hag on an ash heap, with an old blue petticoat in her hands, through the rents of which he saw daylight beyond, and thought he "saw stars," and he imagined right away that Freedom is tearing the "azure robe of night," and cutting shines up with the stars; calls that old blue petticoat a banner, and the ash heap a "mountain height." How the old woman must have laughed when she read that hifalutin, grandiloquent report, eh, Boss?

St. Sloote.

The three parties in Texas are classified as Democrats, Forges and Coyotes. The Forges are the Jack Hamilton party. Of the Coyotes the *Corpus Christi Advertiser* says: "The Coyotes are a lean, lank, snarling, hungry, mangy pack, who would snap at the shadow of a mule's tail to satisfy their cravings. These prowlers after offal are led by 'Death on a Mule.'—Old Bitterness" Hamilton, and some canines of small note. They go for the enfranchisement of negroes and scalawags, and the disfranchisement of any white man, Indian or negro who don't vote their ticket. They are rampant for division of the State, for office, and consequently, for increased taxation. They have been legislating for themselves instead of making a Constitution for the State of Texas. They desert the last party which failed to give them an office; and they would stave the last mile in the United States for their advantage or accommodation. They are the Simon-pure, straight-out Radicals of Texas, and represent the scoundrelism of the African wing of the party.

"When I at length stopped the New Yorker, (September 28, 1841), though poor enough, I provided for making good all I owed to its subscribers who had paid me in advance, and shut up its books, wherein were inscribed some \$10,000 owed me in sums of \$1 to \$10 each, by men to whose service I had faithfully devoted the best years of my life—years that, though full of labor and frugal care, might have been happy had they not been made wretched by those men's dishonesty. They took my journal, and probably read it; they promised to pay for it, and defaulted; leaving me to pay my paper-maker, type-founder, journeyman, etc., as I could. My old capital was a sorry achievement but wholesome lesson.—*Extract from Recollections of a Busy Life*, by Horace Greeley.

**BOLLER DEPOSITS.**—A FEW HINTS.—The deposition of the carbonate of lime can be prevented by dissolving sal-ammoniac in the water; for that salt and the carbonate of lime are mutually decomposed producing carbonate of ammonia and chloride of calcium, of which both are soluble in water, and the former is volatile. The deposition of sulphate of soda and carbonate of them, of which the former is soluble, and the latter falls down in grains, and does not adhere to the boiler.

The locomotive superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad has succeeded in keeping the boilers under his charge free from scale by merely introducing once in about three months, twelve pounds of pure zinc wholly dissolved in from three to five months, and the inner surfaces of the boiler plates are then found covered with a thin coating of zinc.—*American Artisan*.

**A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.**—A man without money is a body without a soul—a wailing death—a specter that frightens everybody. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation is languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance, he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth he is interrupted every moment so that he may not finish his discourse, which it is feared will end by asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incubus to the earth. He is awakened in the morning by want, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby the landlord believes that he lives upon air, and if he wants anything from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

A BACHELOR uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter being the favorite as well as the most ardent—replied:

"My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and bread. Now, love is an idea, while bread is a reality. Love you can get along without, but bread you must have. Therefore make sure of your beef."

The cold water army are progressing rapidly. "In the Massachusetts Legislature, a few days ago, an amendment to the liquor bill was offered, providing that any clergyman furnishing fermented wine at a sacramental communion table shall be deemed guilty of keeping a public bar." The *Chicago Tribune* says the proposer of this provision may be temperate so far as drinking is concerned, but he is decidedly intemperate in the use of language.

An intelligent gentleman from Germany, on his first visit to an American church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, and whispered to the collector, "I don't got mein bapers, unt can't vote."

The *Petaluma Journal* on *Argus* does not speak encouragingly of the newly-discovered silver mines near Petaluma. It even intimates that the new diggings have been "ruined" with specimens from Washoe and White Pine.